

Out of this world

Welcome to the third serving of CLP's "Padkos – food for the journey". This one's a CD of music, and these notes are in a booklet that accompanies it.

Art expresses and feeds our human spirit on the journey we make struggling for justice. We selected the music on this CD as a companion to CLP's earlier written piece: ***Finding our voice in the world.***

While finalising the text of ***Finding our voice in the world***, there was a discussion between the contributors about what we meant by locating our politics and praxis 'at a distance' from the world as it is. Surely we don't want to give the idea that we find truth and beauty at some safe distance from the world that is lived by the poor?; so, "how much is a distance?". In the end we thought perhaps it is simultaneously and paradoxically both zero and infinite:

- **zero** (in terms of the concreteness and particularity of actual **struggles**) because it's right there/here where people make their lives¹;
- **infinite** (for the **politics/thinking**) because really emancipatory possibilities can only come from a complete fundamental break from what exists/what's known/what's expected.

The point is not to imply that 'struggle' and its 'politics' are *separate* but to recognise that any emancipatory politics must attempt to hold this distance question in tension. Only by holding that tension (and refusing temptations to resolve it in a decision for one or other) do we properly affirm and strengthen humanity in life and in struggle. As the radical writer Arundhati Roy said in a speech entitled "Come September":

... To love. To be loved. To never forget your own insignificance. To never get used to the unspeakable violence and the vulgar disparity of life around you. To seek joy in the saddest places. To pursue beauty to its lair. To never simplify what is complicated or complicate what is simple. To respect strength, never power. Above all, to watch. To try and understand. To never look away. And never, never, to forget. ...

G R Naidoo's photograph on the CD cover was taken in Mkhumbane in 1956 and holds a moment of joy in the saddest of places. In an essay called "A Rough Guide to Commons, Enclosure & Popular Insurgency in Durban"², Richard Pithouse writes:

Places like Umkhumbane, District Six in Cape Town, and Sophiatown in Johannesburg gave rise to vibrant and cosmopolitan urban cultures in which local practices mixed with appropriated and reworked imported cultural idioms such as jazz. ... Well-known contemporary Durban musicians such as Madala Kunene and the late Sipho Gumede have often spoken about their musical roots in Umkhumbane. Many people loved these places – they became themselves precisely because of the urban cosmopolitanism of these 'slums'. Bloke Modisane's novel ***Blame Me On History*** begins: "Something in me died, a piece of me died, with the dying of Sophiatown...In the name of slum clearance they had brought the bulldozers and gored into her body." In places like Sophiatown and Umkhumbane people did not achieve the right to decent housing but they did achieve the right to the city, "the right to an urban life" and they created an urban intellectual, cultural and political commons for which there is considerable popular nostalgia to this day.

"Out of this world" plays on this tension too. Often used to describe something that's just unbelievably good (which this music is), we think it also carries the suggestion that the good and the true don't fall mysteriously down from 'heaven' but emerge precisely 'out of **this** world' (which this music does).

1 A similar point is explored rather nicely in Anna Selmeczi's paper (Padkos No. 1) in her suggestion that the idea of proximity is central to Abahlali baseMjondolo's 'living politics'.

2 Check out the full piece at: <http://abahlali.org/node/6185>

Song notes and lyrics

Salala – Lanitra Manga Manga

If '*Voice in the World*' is the guiding theme for this selection, it's appropriate to begin with Salala's beautiful Lanitra Manga Manga from Madagascar. No instruments get in the way of what Richard Nwamba (presenter of the SAFM radio show, *The African Connection*) describes as “probably the world's best acapella group”.

Allen Toussaint - Just A Closer Walk with Thee

By contrast, next up is a hymn rendered here by jazz pianist Allen Toussaint *without* voice or words – but with all the meaning intact. Born in 1938, Toussaint grew up in a 'shotgun' house in a New Orleans neighbourhood. This version of 'Just a Closer Walk with Thee' comes off his 2009 album *The Bright Mississippi*, his second since Hurricane Katrina devastated his home town – and indeed his own house.

“Toussaint's first solo effort in more than a decade is a heartfelt tribute to his hometown of New Orleans and the classic jazz on which he grew up”³.

'Just a Closer Walk with Thee' is a traditional gospel song - perhaps the most frequently played number in the hymn-and-dirge section of traditional New Orleans jazz funerals. The song became known across the United States in the 1930s when African-American churches held huge musical conventions.

Lyrics

Just a closer walk with Thee,
Grant it, Jesus, is my plea,
Daily walking close to Thee,
Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.

I am weak, but Thou art strong,
Jesus, keep me from all wrong,
I'll be satisfied as long
As I walk, let me walk close to Thee.

Through this world of toil and snares,
If I falter, Lord, who cares?
Who with me my burden shares?
None but Thee, dear Lord, none but Thee.

When my feeble life is o'er,
Time for me will be no more,
Guide me gently, safely o'er
To Thy kingdom's shore, to Thy shore.

3 <http://www.allaboutjazz.com/php/article.php?id=32569>

Abdullah Ibrahim – Thula Dubula

Surely we can't explain or embellish Abdullah Ibrahim's lyrics here?:

Hungry lips feed on the sound of freedom.

Tears in their eyes are not from crying, but gas and bullets and the sounds of sighing.

Thula dubula⁴, no need to say much more, it's all been said and dried before.

It's all over now - but the dying. Fighting for freedom; invincible children, inheritors of weeping.

There's a new world a-coming, falsehood will all be gone. Gone will be this old world, things won't be the same. In the township afternoon, songs of their impending doom; the racists and their puppets are a-dying.

Thula dubula. No need to hear much more, we've heard all these lies before.

It's all over now - with their lying.

Eish - as true now as it was then.

Lyrics

South African sunshine

see how the guns shine

hungry lips feed on the sound of freedom;

tears in their eyes

are not from crying

but gas and bullets

and the sounds of sighing.

Thula dubula,

no need to say much more

it's all been said and dried before.

It's all over now

but the dying.

Thula dubula,

no need to say much more

it's all been said and dried before.

It's all over now

but the dying.

Night in the cornfields,

and the town's a-sleeping.

What's this I hear

softly a-creeping?

Soldiers of Africa,

fighting for freedom;

invincible children,

inheritors of weeping.

Thula dubula,

no need to say much more

it's all been said and dried before.

It's all over now

but the dying.

There's a new world a-coming,
falsehood will all be gone.

They'll come a-marching
into town at dawn;

singing songs of freedom,
and laughing in the rain.

Gone will be this old world,
things won't be the same.

Thula dubula,

no need to hear much more,

we've heard all these lies before.

It's all over now

with their lying.

In the township afternoon,
songs of their impending doom;
the racists and their puppets
are a-dying.

Thula dubula,

no need to hear much more,

we've heard all these lies before.

It's all over now

with their lying

In the township afternoon,
songs of their impending doom;
the racists and their puppets
are a-dying.

Thula dubula.

Thula dubula.

⁴ 'Thula' – isiZulu meaning quiet; 'Dubula' – isiZulu meaning shoot.

Harry Belafonte and Miriam Makeba – Give Us Our Land

'Give us Our land', sung by Harry Belafonte, appeared on a 1965/6 album called *An Evening with Belafonte/Makeba* (even though the two of them feature only twice in duet mode). The album received a Grammy Award for Best Folk Recording of that year.

From the 1950s, Belafonte himself was an early supporter of the Civil Rights Movement in the United States and one of Martin Luther King Jr.'s confidants. Still, as recently as 2002, he continued to draw on political traditions of that period to publicly articulate positions against US President George W. Bush's Iraq War. During a radio interview in October 2002, Belafonte slammed black political figures – especially Colin Powell and Condoleezza Rice - complicit in US aggression by referring to a quote made by Malcolm X.. Belafonte said:

There is an old saying, in the days of slavery. There were those slaves who lived on the plantation, and there were those slaves who lived in the house. You got the privilege of living in the house if you served the master, do exactly the way the master intended to have you serve him. That gave you privilege. Colin Powell is committed to come into the house of the master, as long as he would serve the master, according to the master's purpose. And when Colin Powell dares to suggest something other than what the master wants to hear, he will be turned back out to pasture. And you don't hear much from those who live in the pasture.

Robert Wyatt and the Swapo singers – The Wind of Change

From the early 1970s, Wyatt and his wife Alfie were heavily involved with the London-based community of political exiles from South and Southern Africa, including its vibrant musical community. Together with the SWAPO Singers (SWAPO – South West African Peoples Organisation), he put this song out via the Rough Trade label in 1985 to focus international attention and solidarity on the Namibian struggle against apartheid oppression.

Already an ironic and militant appropriation of British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's 1960 “Wind of change” imagery⁵ about anti-colonial struggle in Africa, does Wyatt still find a resonance in contemporary popular struggles of African movements which herald the winds of change for our time and place? Even if the naïve faith in the instruments of the 'national liberation struggle' of a not-so-distant past seem dated and misplaced now, doesn't it simply compound the demands of fidelity to the essential truths of those struggles anyway? How else can we listen-without-turning-away-from words like “amandla awethu; aluta a'continua;” - “power to the people; the struggle must continue”?

Before we get too ponderous about that, hear what Wyatt said in an interview last year commenting on what he loves about Winnie the Pooh:

I relate to Pooh, the way you can almost hear his brain struggling, the pleasure he gets from articulating such simple thoughts. ... Most of all I like the sly dig at people who profess to be wise in the form of Owl, or 'Wol' as he spells it. I think that anybody, whenever they look at a silly judge or priest or mullah or rabbi or politician, or any stupid bearded git who gives himself gravitas – including myself! - should remember that there's a bit of Wol there. (An audience with Robert Wyatt: Interviewed by John Lewis, *Uncut*, March 2009.)

5 Addressing the South African Parliament in 1960, Macmillan had said: “The wind of change is blowing through this continent. Whether we like it or not, this growth of national consciousness is a political fact”.

Lyrics

The wind of change
sweeping across
the African continent
The wind of change
sweeping across
the African continent

Over there they say this:
oh yeah, Africa, oh yeah, uhuru,

amandla kawethu,
aluta a'continua mama,
Viva Africa.

The wind of change
The wind of change
The wind of change
The wind of change

Namibia Namibia ...

The wind of hope
sweeping across
the African continent
The wind of hope
sweeping across
the African continent

Over there they say this:
oh yeah, Africa,
oh yeah, freedom,

power to the people,
the struggle must continue mama,
Viva Africa.

The wind of hope
The wind of hope
The wind of hope
The wind of hope

The wind of freedom
sweeping across
the African continent
The wind of freedom
sweeping across
the African continent

Over there they say this:
oh yeah, Africa,
oh yeah, uhuru,
amandla kawethu,
aluta a'continua mama,
Viva Africa.

The wind of freedom The wind of freedom
The wind of freedom The wind of freedom
SWAPO SWAPO SWAPO SWAPO ...

Femi Kuti – Tell Me

Femi Kuti is the oldest son of Nigerian Afrobeat pioneer Fela Kuti. Although Femi was born in London, he grew up in the former Nigerian capital, Lagos. Father and son have both been consistent in their strong commitment to social and political causes.

Here, Femi lays out the conditions of life and demands for life of the poor – but “the government no care; politicians no care; the rich no care; now we wonder what to do”.

Lyrics

Tell me what you mean
You say you no understand me
Millions of homeless children
Dem dey wonder the streets
Dem dey chop for dustbin
I say dem dey sleep under bridge
See how we leave our children
See how dis government e be

CHORUS:

No be one, No be two
Dem plenty, Dem buku
No be one, No be two
Dem dey wonder, What to do
No money for food
No money for school
No money for food
No money for school
The government no care
Politicians no care
The rich no care
Now we wonder what to do

The pride of every nation
Dey in the welfare of the citizens
The leaders must provide the people
With all the basic needs
Free education
Free medication
Food, light, water to drink
No be to dey pose
With the money
Wey we no say dem don steal

CHORUS:

No be one, No be two
Dem plenty, Dem buku
No be one, No be two
Dem dey wonder, What to do
No money for food
No money for school
No money for food
No money for school
The government no care
Politicians no care
The rich no care
We don dey wonder what to do.

Lacksley Castell – Government Man

Conscious reggae from Jamaican-born singer, Lacksley Castell who's Rastafarian political-theology posits the land question as a commons for life and sustenance to be shared fairly – which about sums up CLP's theology of land! This song was released in 1981 on the Negus Roots label. Tragically, Castell was dead just two years later, aged 21.

Lyrics

Give up Jah land,
Mr Government Man

Mr Government Man, give up Jah land
Mr Government Man, give up Jah land

the poor man, he wants to build a house
he wants to raise a family,
the poor man, has got his wife and kids
to live for to his need

hey, Mr Government Man, give up Jah land
hey, Mr Government Man, give up Jah land

this land must be free, yeah
the Father gave it to you and me
and I must get my share, well
I must get my share of it

so, Mr Government Man, give up Jah land
hey, Mr Government Man, give up Jah land

I need to do, live & learn
try your very best
I need to do, live & learn
all you do is bulldozer them

Mr Government Man, give up Jah land
hey, Mr Government Man, give up Jah land

can't stand the situation no more ...

Terry Hall and Mushtaq - Ten Eleven

A fascinating collaboration with Asian underground producer, and a sometime member of radical Asian fusionists Fun-da-mental, Mushtaq, the album *The Hour of Two Lights* had begun as a Terry Hall solo album. "We wanted to mix Jewish and Arab traditions, which as far as we're concerned was political from the outset. But we didn't want to be sloganeering ... Just about everybody on this album is a refugee or asylum seeker," says Hall. "It would have been easy to get the top people in every field, but we wanted people whose experience was grittier, closer to the street."

"Everybody we worked with had a story to tell," recalls Terry Hall, "and their stories became part of the record". A Tunisian singer, a Syrian flautist, an Egyptian who had settled in Iraq, a twelve-year old Lebanese girl, a blind Algerian rapper from Paris, a choir of Polish gypsy refugees brought in from a social club in Leytonstone, the clarinettist who recorded the original Pink Panther theme; singers in Hebrew, English, Arabic, Romany. "Everybody had a sense of something in common in their minority and oppression and struggle".

A year in development, the album is also a powerful reflection of the time in which it was made and the storm that was gathering: Bush and Blair were intent on Armageddon in Iraq; in the refugee camps on the West Bank, atrocities were being committed on a daily basis; closer to home, sections of the British media used the fear of terrorism to whip up a hate-fuelled campaign against asylum seekers and other minorities pushed to the margins of society⁶.

Syl Johnson - I'm talkin bout freedom

Lyrics

When you hear what I've got to say
I'm sure you won't be able to turn your head
away.
Cause what I'm going to talk about
nobody, nobody, nobody wants to be without.

Makes no difference who you are,
or what colour you happen to be,
as long as your life is breathing,
this has got to be one of your needs.

I'm talkin bout freedom
I'm talkin bout freedom, yeah
I'm talkin bout freedom,
I'm talkin bout freedom, y'all.

Freedom for you and me,
and every living thing.

When you see how free the birds fly in the sky
you're gonna have to say my oh my oh my,
and all of the water that's in the sea
oh, how flows so very free.

Makes no difference who you are,
or what colour you happen to be,
as long as your life is breathing,
this has got to be one of your needs.

I'm talkin bout freedom, y'all
I'm talkin bout freedom
I'm talkin bout freedom
I'm talkin bout freedom.

Oh what a wonderful world it would be,
if everybody could live free.

Freedom for you and me,
and every living thing. ...

⁶ The above notes adapted from: (a) Mark Hudson, "New world order", Published: 24 Jul 2003. <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/culture/music/rockandjazzmusic/3599236/New-world-order.html>; and (b) Terry Hall And Mushtaq, *The Hour Of Two Lights*.at: <http://www.honestjons.com/label.php?pid=15136>

Miriam Makeba - Talking and Dialoguing

"Talking and Dialoguing' dates from Miriam Makeba's Guinea period. Her citizenship (and her right to return to the country) had been revoked by the South Africa government after she had testified at the United Nations against apartheid. Already living in exile in the United States, Makeba then spent 15 years in Guinea after her 1968 marriage to Stokely Carmichael (of the Black Panthers, and the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee) caused so much controversy in the US, that her record deals and tours were cancelled.

The historical references in Makeba's 'Talking and Dialoguing' also date it quite specifically to the period between 1966 and 1979 when right-wing nationalist Prime Minister (and later State President) B.J. Vorster held power in apartheid South Africa. Vorster's foreign policy pragmatism, and a generalised embrace of détente in international affairs, saw him building diplomatic relations with a number of African countries – he 'even' agreed to let black African diplomats live in white areas of South Africa!

Makeba angrily cuts through the façade and fiction, insisting that where there's oppression, the only authentic and legitimate response is unity in resistance: "It's your land! Make your stand! To be free, let's be one, Africans."

Lyrics

Our brothers African,
do you understand,
this is our land?

Look at Vorster come and go
everywhere.
See our brothers smile at him,
here and there.
All day long,
they just keep on talking.
Year after year,
they just keep on dialoguing

South Africa!
Colonised by whites.
Black men have no rights.
Exploited and oppressed,
by fear and brutality.

South Africa!
Talking about state within a state,
just one more iron gate,
with the Bantustan fiction,
more suffrage and addiction.

What is this thing
called dialogue?
Is détente
what you want?
What is this thing
called dialogue?

It's your land! Make your stand!
To be free, let's be one, Africans.

Our brothers African,
do you understand,
this is my land?

Look at Vorster come and go
everywhere.
See our brothers smile at him,
here and there.
All day long,
they just keep on talking.
Year after year,
they just keep on dialoguing
...

Gillian Welch — Red Clay Halo

One of the first times S'bu Zikode, president of Abahlali baseMjondolo, spoke publicly, he described the contemptuous dismissal of shack-dwelling human beings by elite people. He said it starts when you walk into the corridors of power with mud, inevitably, on your shoes: “Who the hell are you?”.

Gillian Welch makes music in the tradition of north American grassroots rural poor – and the red clay stains their feet too. Originally released on her album, *Time: The Revelator*, this live recording is from a performance, with her musical partner David Rawlings, at a UK club in 2002.

Lyrics

All the girls all dance with the boys from the city,
And they don't care to dance with me.
Now it ain't my fault that the fields are muddy,
And the red clay stains my feet.

And it's under my nails and it's under my collar,
And it shows on my Sunday clothes.
Though I do my best with the soap and the water,
But the damned old dirt won't go.

But when I pass through the pearly gate,
Will my gown be gold instead?
Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings,
And a red clay halo for my head?

Now it's mud in the spring and it's dust in the
summer,
When it blows in a crimson tide.
Until trees and leaves and the cows are the colour,
Of the dirt on the mountainside.

But when I pass through the pearly gate,
Will my gown be gold instead?
Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings,
And a red clay halo for my head?

Now Jordan's banks they're red and muddy,
And the rolling water is wide.
But I got no boat, so I'll be good and muddy,
When I get to the other side.

And when I pass through the pearly gate,
Will my gown be gold instead?
Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings,
And a red clay halo for my head?

I'll take the red clay robe with the red clay wings,
And a red clay halo for my head.

Bruce Springsteen - I ain't got no home

“This wide wicked world is sure a funny place to be. The gamblin' man is rich and the workin' man is poor. I ain't got no home in this world anymore”.

Performed here by Bruce Springsteen for a tribute album to Guthrie and Leadbelly, this song was originally written and performed by Woody Guthrie (1912 – 1967). Born in Oklahoma in the United States, Guthrie faced hardship in the Great Depression, which made it hard to support his family - but the onslaught of the Great Dust Storm period, which hit the Great Plains in 1935, made it impossible. Drought, dust and debt forced thousands of desperate farmers and unemployed workers from Oklahoma, Kansas, Tennessee, and Georgia to head west in search of work. Woody, like hundreds of “dustbowl refugees,” hit Route 66, also looking for a way to support his family, who remained back in Pampa. Moneyless and hungry, Woody hitch-hiked, rode freight trains, and even walked his way to California, taking whatever small jobs he could. In exchange for bed and board, Woody painted signs and played guitar and sang in saloons along the way. By the time he arrived in California in 1937, Woody had experienced intense scorn, hatred, and even physical antagonism from resident Californians, who opposed the massive migration of the so-called “Okie” outsiders.

In Los Angeles, Woody landed a job on a local radio station, singing “old-time” traditional songs as well as some original songs. The local radio airwaves also provided Woody a forum from which he developed his talent for controversial social commentary and criticism. On topics ranging from corrupt politicians, lawyers, and businessmen to praising the compassionate and humanist principles of Jesus Christ, the outlaw hero Pretty Boy Floyd, and the union organizers that were fighting for the rights of migrant workers in California’s agricultural communities, Woody proved himself a hard-hitting advocate for truth, fairness, and justice.

His politics gradually worked its way into his song-writing, and “I Ain't Got No Home”, is one of a number that reflect his desire to give voice to the disenfranchised.

Woody Guthrie died on October 3, 1967 while at Creedmoor State Hospital in Queens, New York. A month later, on Thanksgiving 1967, Woody’s son Arlo Guthrie released his first commercial recording of 'Alice’s Restaurant', which was to become the iconic anti-war anthem for the next generation of north Americans⁷.

Lyrics

I ain't got no home, I'm just a ramblin' around
I work when I can get it, I roam from town to town
The police make it hard, boys wherever I may go
I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I was farmin' shares and always I was down
My debts they were so many, man, they wouldn't go around
The drought had got my crop and Mister banker got my loan
I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Six children I have raised they're scattered and they're gone
And my darling wife to heaven she has flown
She died of a fever yeah on the cabin floor
I ain't got no home in this world anymore

I mined in your mines and I guttered in your corn
I've been workin' mister since the day that I was born
I worry all the time like I never did before
'Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Well now I just rambled round to see what I can see
This wide wicked world is sure a funny place to be
The gamblin' man is rich and the workin' man is poor
I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Well I'm stranded on this road that goes from sea to sea
Hundred thousand others are stranded here with me
Hundred thousand others yes and hundred thousand more
I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

⁷ Above is adapted from: <http://www.woodyguthrie.org/>

Silvio-Rodriguez and Pablo Milanes – Yo Pisaré las Calles Nuevamente

This moving performance is taken off an extraordinary album *En Vivo En Argentina* (or *Live in Argentina*), recorded live in the Obras Publicas Stadium in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1984. That date is significant – it marked the end of a decades-long military dictatorship in that country. The headline acts for this massive open-air concert were the two leading Cuban folk-singers, Silvio Rodriguez and Pablo Milanes. Both Silvio and Pablo were – and remain – well-known and -loved as strongly political song-writers and performers, 'symbols of the Latin American left wing'.

Milanes told an interviewer in 1999 that he had written 'Yo pisaré las calles nuevamente' in 20 minutes after hearing on a lunchtime news bulletin of the death of Miguel Enriquez in 1974. Enriquez was a leader in the Chilean Movement of the Revolutionary Left (MIR from the Spanish *Movimiento de Izquierda Revolucionaria*). General Pinochet's 1973 coup d'état had overthrown the popular and left-leaning president, Salvador Allende, and ushered in a long period of brutal military dictatorship in Chile. According to various reports and investigations 1 200–3 200 people were killed, up to 80 000 were interned, and up to 30 000 were tortured by his regime. Almost immediately after the military's seizure of power, the junta banned all the leftist parties and all other parties were later banned outright too.

The United States government provided material support to the military regime after the coup (although criticizing it in public). General Pinochet's controversial and close relationship with Conservative British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher led Tony Blair to mock Thatcher's Conservatives as "the party of Pinochet" in 1999.

Miguel Enriquez, of the MIR guerilla movement, survived a year in hiding from Pinochet's death squads, but military intelligence eventually tracked him down. Backed by heavily-armed security forces, they surrounded his safe-house in a working class area of Santiago in 1974. In an hours-long gun-battle, Enriquez resisted his arrest and provided cover for the retreat of his pregnant wife (Carmen Castillo, also wounded) and two others who were able to flee. He received ten bullet wounds - one to the head – and died.

The title of this song, Yo Pisaré las Calles Nuevamente, means "I Will Walk Through the Streets Again" in English, and the streets are the streets of Santiago, Chile. The fact that it is sung in Spanish doesn't seem to matter at all, nor hide or obscure its passion and meaning. But there is a moment where the song crescendos; where the voice breaks; where the crowd erupts; – where Milanes had written about those who fired the first bullets, whose murderous hands are bloodied, and those traitors who will pay for their guilt. The song ends "me detendré a llorar por los ausentes" - "I will pause to mourn the absent".

Neil Young – Ohio

We “pause to mourn the absent” again in this next track.

This year, 2010, is the fortieth anniversary of the “Kent State Massacre” in the United States. On Monday, May 4, 1970 at 12:24 PM, twenty-eight soldiers of the Ohio National Guard began shooting into a crowd of student anti-war protesters at Kent State University. In thirteen seconds, the soldiers had fired sixty-seven rounds and four students lay dead. Immediately after the Kent State Massacre, Neil Young composed the song "Ohio" after looking at photos appearing in Life magazine. Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young went to the studio and recorded the song which was released to radio stations shortly after the killings. Soon, the lyrics "Four dead in Ohio" became an anthem to a generation. In the liner notes to his *Decade* album, Neil Young wrote:

It's still hard to believe I had to write this song. It's ironic that I capitalized on the death of these American students. Probably the most important lesson ever learned at an American place of learning. David Crosby cried after this take.

Marking the 40th anniversary, Neil Young wrote (2010): “When Ohio was written 40 years ago it was a thing done on instinct. I felt moved to do it and I'm glad I had Crosby, Stills, and Nash there with me. 40 years later I feel the same way. It was all just too real and that hasn't changed. To those who knew the 4 and survived to see today, I say peace and love be with you”.

The Four Dead in Ohio:

Allison Krause - Age: 19, shot from 110 Yards

William Schroeder - Age: 19, shot from 130 Yards

Jeffrey Miller - Age: 20, shot from 90 Yards

Sandra Scheuer - Age: 20, shot from 130 Yards.

2010 in South Africa and the cops and the 'tin soldiers' are still 'cutting us down'; 2010 in South Africa and the protesters still conclude the awful liberating truth: “We're finally on our own”.

Lyrics

Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,
We're finally on our own.
This summer I hear the drumming,
Four dead in Ohio.

Gotta get down to it
Soldiers are cutting us down
Should have been done long ago.
What if you knew her
And found her dead on the ground
How can you run when you know?

Gotta get down to it
Soldiers are cutting us down
Should have been done long ago.
What if you knew her
And found her dead on the ground
How can you run when you know?

Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,
We're finally on our own.
This summer I hear the drumming,
Four dead in Ohio.

Anti-nowhere League - Streets of London

Trust the anarchist-punks to turn a treacly-sweet folksie celebration of London (as in the original popular version decades ago by Roger Whittaker) into an angry retort against the violent forgetting of those who do not count in the world. In doing so, of course, they tell the whole truth and expose the lying – so let them “drag you through your Streets Of London – [they'll] show you something that'll make you really sick”!

Lyrics

Well did you see the old man
Outside the seamen's mission
Never is a fading with the medals that he wears
And did you see the old man
Outside the seamen's mission
He's just another hero from a land that doesn't
care

So how can you tell me you're lonely
And don't you say to me your sun don't shine

And have you seen the old girl
Who walks the Streets Of London
She ain't got no money and she's all dressed in
rags
And have you seen the old girl
Who walks the Streets Of London
She carries her old knickers in two polythene
bags

So how can you tell me you're lonely
And don't you say to me your sun don't shine

Well let me take you by the hand
And lead you through your Streets Of London
I'll show you something you'll never understand
Well let me take you by the hand
And drag you through your Streets Of London
I'll show you something that'll make you really
sick

Well let me take you by the hand
And lead you through your Streets Of London
I'll show you something we'll never understand
Well let me take you by the hand
And drag you through your Streets Of London
I'll show you something that'll make you really
sick.

Sam Cooke - A Change is Gonna Come

The great Sam Cooke classic plays us out: “It's been a long, a long time coming. But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will” - 'nough said.

Lyrics

I was born by the river in a little tent,
Oh and just like the river I've been running ever
since.

It's been a long, a long time coming,
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will.

It's been too hard living but I'm afraid to die,
'Cause I don't know what's up there beyond the
sky.

It's been a long, a long time coming,
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will.

I go to the movie and I go downtown,
Somebody keep telling me, "Don't hang around".

It's been a long, a long time coming,
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will.

Then I go to my brother,
And I say, "Brother, help me please",
But he winds up knockin' me,
Back down on my knees.

Oh there been times that I thought I couldn't last
for long,

But now I think I'm able to carry on.
It's been a long, a long time coming,
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will.

Playlist

Salala – Lanitra Manga Manga

Allen Toussaint - Just A Closer Walk with Thee

Abdullah Ibrahim – Thula Dubula

Harry Belafonte and Miriam Makeba – Give Us Our Land

Robert Wyatt and the Swapo singers – The Wind of Change

Femi Kuti – Tell Me

Lacksley Castell – Government Man

Terry Hall and Mushtaq - Ten Eleven

Syl Johnson - I'm talkin bout freedom

Miriam Makeba - Talking and Dialoguing

Gillian Welch — Red Clay Halo

Bruce Springsteen - I ain't got no home (written by Woody Guthrie)

Silvio-Rodriguez and Pablo Milanes – Yo Pisaré las Calles Nuevamente

Neil Young – Ohio

Anti-nowhere League - Streets of London

Sam Cooke - A Change is Gonna Come